

Distance Sucks by Playfulelectrode

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Summary:

Just a little something for Stranger Things Day, and Mileven week of course.

Distance Sucks

Author's Note:

Happy Stranger Things Day. Wooo!

El couldn't think; mostly because her head was pounding too hard. The last thing she could remember was arguing with Hopper, well mostly her grunting in disagreement as he lifted her from Will's bed. She remembered him trying to wake her, Mike making a fuss as Hopper carried her to the car. She had tried, really she did, but the weight of the past few days made her fall back into the black of sleep. She was now trying to wake up, the same yellow blanket she had been using for a year stuffed all around her. She reached for her forehead as she moaned in pain, the light of the sun coming in through the thin yellow curtains above her.

Hopper could be heard in the other room, his snore loud enough to shake the entire cabin. She sat up too fast, her head spinning with black dots in her vision as she realized where she was. She was back home, hidden away from all the others.

"Mike," she said in a whisper. She hit the bed with both of her fists, not coming down as hard as she wanted with her weak muscles. She wasn't even able to be awake during her visit with Mike after they had gotten back from the lab. She wasn't able to properly meet Will, or tell the party thank you for believing in her.

She took a tentative step off of the bed, her bare feet hissed in pain as she tried to stand. She let out a quiet hiss, her muscles breathing in acid as she made her way to the bedroom door. She needed a shower, and she needed food, but most of all she needed to figure out how to get out of there without Hopper noticing. It would have been easy, if she wasn't so weak, but now as she struggled to walk to the bathroom she thought about the long trek she would have to make towards town.

She was tired of this, and she thought Hopper had understood that from her big disappearing act she had done just a few days prior. She needed to see him, and of course the others, but she needed to

talk to Mike; she needed to understand things that were jumbled up in her brain.

She didn't know if she was going to tell him about her sister or even about going to Chicago. She was scared to mention her mother, or that she had stolen money from her aunt. She didn't know if she wanted to tell him about all the shows she had been watching while she was gone, or about how she and Hopper would argue all the time, but always ended up forgiving one another. She didn't know what to say, only that she just needed a hug from him; to hear him say her name in person. She wanted him to really see her, and not look through her like he had done in the void everyday she was gone.

"You walk like the dead," Hopper said under his breath. She had been slowly making her way to the bathroom; her feet too heavy to carry. "Are you hungry?" She nodded her head at the man, as he lay in his small bed; eyes still closed.

"Yes," she said softly, her voice coming out a little ruff. She put her hand to her throat, the sound of her voice shocking her. Hopper sat up, swinging his legs off the bed to stand.

"Take a shower," he rubbed his eyes, stretching as he stood. "I'll make breakfast, and hurry; we have places to be." El didn't really know what that meant, her heart slightly skipping a beat when she realized they were going somewhere. Her legs moved a little fast to the bathroom, turning on the water with a little more confidence.

They ate breakfast in silence; El's hair dripping slightly as she took in burnt scrambled eggs on toast. She ate everything that was given to her, Hopper doing the same as he sipped on some coffee. She chugged three glasses of water, each one making her throat feel better. There was a cool breeze coming through the broken windows, and as she tried to make her way back to her room she tripped on a portable heater.

"I have to make sure Doctor Owens got to the hospital okay." Hopper had told her. "You will be at Joyce's house for only a little bit," He pointed at her as her eyes lit up. "Just a little bit." She looked

through all her draws, not sure what would be the best item of clothing to wear. She settled on her overalls, and a long sleeve shirt; two things that would keep her comfortable. She slipped on one of Hoppers sweaters, the lingering smell of detergent and cigarette's bringing her comfort.

"Okay," Hopper said before they walked out the door. "You keep your head low in the car. If I say duck you go to the floor as fast as you can." El gave one nod in understanding, following the man out into the wood, past the trip wire, and into the truck. She tried to hide her smile all the way there, nerves bouncing around in her stomach.

This was what she had been waiting for. Sure she had seen him last night, but it was quick. There was no real moment to just look at one another and take it all in. She wanted one of those reuniting kisses she had seen on T.V.

By the time he parked the truck she was already jumping out of the passenger door. Hopper yelling in protest as she quickly made her way to the small porch, staring at the door with wide eyes. She could hear a few mumbles from the inside; the crunch of Hoppers feet behind her as he made his way to the porch.

"Aren't you going to knock?" he asked as they stood in the cold, the buzzing of silence hurting her ears. She lifted her hand to the door, slamming her palm into the wood. Hopper sighed, grabbing her hand and making it into a fist. "Like this kid," he said helping her knock again. They lowered their hands, a few shouts coming from the inside. Hopper grumbled in displeasure as the door flew open.

"You came back," Mike yelled falling out of the door and into El's arms. She squeezed him as tight as she could, her face buried into his neck.

"I told you I would," Hopper said in a grumble. "Can this been done inside, she's been out too long."

"Oh," Mike pulled back guiding her through the front door of the house. The pictures on the wall had been taken down, the couch and T.V. moved into a different position in the living room. Dustin and Lucas came down the hall, throwing their arms around El without

warning. She stumbled back in surprise, a small giggle coming from her mouth.

“Be careful,” Mike and Hopper said at the same time. El could feel it then; like she was back. She saw the past year flash before her eyes, the waiting, the wanting, but now she had it. She was no longer far from what she had found on her own, she was with her friends again and nothing could take that away. The distance sucked, but now that she was in their arms, she was ready for anything.